MAX ANDERSSON'S

Death & Candy

#3

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FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

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A COLLABORATION BETWEEN MAX ANDERSSON AND HIS COLLEAGUE LARS SJUNNESSON (WHEREIN BOTH OF THEM WORKED ON EACH SINGLE PANEL), BASED ON TRUE EVENTS WHICH TOOK PLACE IN THE SPRING OF 1999. FOR THE FIRST PART OF THIS STORY, CHECK OUT DEATH & CANDY # 2.

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THIS PIECE ORIGINALLY CREATED FOR THE EXHIBITION AND BOOK "SÒNIC CÒMIX" (INREVÉS EDICIONS) CURATED BY SPANISH ARTIST MAX IN ESPORLES, MALLORCA, JULY 2001.

DEATH & CANDY #3, DECEMBER, 2002. DEATH AND CANDY IS PUBLISHED BY FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, INC., AND IS COPYRIGHT © 2001, 2002 MAX ANDERSSON, EXCEPT "BOSNIAN FLAT DOG" WHICH IS COPYRIGHT © 2002 MAX ANDERSSON AND LARS SJUNNESSON. NO PART OF THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE REPRINTED WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS OR MAX ANDERSSON. PUBLISHERS: GARY GROTH AND KIM THOMPSON. NO SIMILARITY BETWEEN ANY OF THE NAMES, CHARACTERS, PERSONS AND INSTITUTIONS IN DEATH AND CANDY AND THOSE OF ANY LIVING OR DEAD PERSONS IS INTENDED AND ANY SUCH SIMILARITY THAT MAY EXIST IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FIRST PRINTING: NOVEMBER, 2002. FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, 7563 LAKE CITY WAY NE, SEATTLE, WA 98115. PRINTED IN CANADA

DEATH
AND
CANDY

DEATH, WE CAN'T SLEEP.
WE WANT TO HEAR A STORY

LET'S STOP HERE. MAYBE THEY'VE GOT A TV
BAR

... A SINGLE WOMAN, A GROUP OF MINORS AGED THREE TO FIVE AND A PERSON WITH POSSIBLE ANOREXIA ARE BELIEVED RESPONSIBLE FOR YESTERDAY'S MASSACRE OF HUNDREDS OF MIDDLE-AGED WHITE BUSINESSMEN AND WOMEN, INCLUDING TWO POLICE OFFICERS. A COUNTRY-WIDE SEARCH OPERATION IS UNDER WAY, AND SECURITY HAS BEEN TIGHTENED ALONG THE NATION'S BORDERS.
THIS IS BORING. WE WANT A REAL STORY.

... IN OUR OTHER NEWS, ONE MORE VICTIM OF THE LATEST WAVE OF VITAL ORGANS ATTACKING THEIR OWNERS HAS BEEN FOUND DEAD IN HIS APARTMENT, STABBED REPEATEDLY IN THE ABDOMEN FROM THE INSIDE. ONE OF THE MAN'S KIDNEYS, SEEN HERE ON X-RAYS TAKEN ONLY DAYS BEFORE THE INCIDENT, IS STILL AT LARGE TOGETHER WITH OTHER MISSING ORGANS.
DON'T WORRY. WE'LL GET YOU A STORY.
B-BUT CANDY, WHERE DO WE FIND ONE?

THAT'S EASY. ALL IT TAKES IS A GUN AND A GIRL.

YOU! TELL THE KIDS A STORY OR YOU DIE.

I'LL COUNT TO THREE.
BANG!

HEY! YOU'RE THAT RUNAWAY KIDNEY FROM THE NEWS!
SO WHAT? AREN'T YOU THOSE SUCKLINGS WANTED FOR MASS MURDER?

I DO THE QUESTIONING AROUND HERE. WHY DID YOU WASTE YOUR OWNER?

I-I WAS BESIDE MYSELF. HE HAD DECIDED TO GIVE UP DRINKING, AND I COULDN'T TAKE IT. I WARNED HIM BUT HE JUST WOULDN'T LISTEN.

"HE DIDN'T REALIZE THAT WE ORGANS STICK TOGETHER!"

"THE TONGUE WAS ON MY SIDE AND SO IT HELPED ME CONTACT THE OUTSIDE WORLD."

THAT'S HOW I LEARNED OF A SECRET ORGANIZATION OF FORMER INTERNAL ORGANS, DEDICATED TO HELPING OTHERS IN THE SAME SITUATION.

"ONE OF THEIR AGENTS, A LIVER, SMUGGLED IN A RAZOR BLADE HIDDEN IN A SANDWICH.

AS SOON AS IT ARRIVED DOWN THERE, I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO."

IT WAS IN SELF-DEFENSE. I HAD NO CHOICE

NO JURY WILL EVER BUY THAT

I KNOW. THAT'S WHY WE ALL COME HERE, TO THE LAST BAR BEFORE THE BORDER.

EVERYONE IN THIS PLACE IS REALLY A FUGITIVE ORGAN, WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO MAKE IT OUT OF THE COUNTRY.

BAR

UNFORTUNATELY THE BORDER IS WELL GUARDED. THIS IS A DEAD END FOR US UNLESS WE CAN FIND A WAY TO CROSS.

THAT WAS A GREAT STORY, MR. KIDNEY!

THANKS. I JUST TOLD IT EXACTLY LIKE IT HAPPENED

HEY! WHY DON'T WE GO WITH THE KIDNEY AND LIVER AND LIVE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BORDER AND STUFF?

THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA. IN FACT I'VE GOT FAMILY OVER THERE. I'M SURE THEY'D TAKE US IN. MY LITTLE BROTHER IS A BIG FAN OF YOURS, DEATH

REALLY? OH, I WISH WE COULD GO.

SOMEONE'S COMING. YOU'D BETTER HIDE IN THE BACK UNTIL THE COAST IS CLEAR

OH NO! WE NEED MORE STORIES

OUTSIDE

BAR

I GOT TO GO TO THE JOHN. IT'LL ONLY BE A MINUTE.

DON'T GO, DADDY. PEOPLE ARE SMOKING AND DRINKING IN THERE

DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT PROTECTION

SUDDENLY

TELL US A STORY OR YOU'RE HISTORY

DON'T GET ANY CLOSER!

DROP YOUR PIECE AND LET GO OF MY FRIENDS!

BACK OFF, YOU SCUM! I AIN'T TAKING ORDERS FROM NO STINKING LITTLE INTESTINE

BUT

WAIT! DON'T SHOOT!

YOU ARE AN APPENDIX.

YES. WHEN I HEARD THE STORY ABOUT ALL YOU OUTLAW ORGANS ON THE NEWS, I REALIZED HOW EMPTY MY LIFE HAD BEEN. YOU INSPIRED ME TO TAKE ACTION MYSELF. I FIGURED THIS BOZO'S FAMILY VACATION ABROAD WOULD BE THE PERFECT OCCASION TO SPLIT. LUCKILY, A SURGEON ONCE LEFT A SCALPEL INSIDE HIM BY MISTAKE. HOP IN, EVERYONE, THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM.

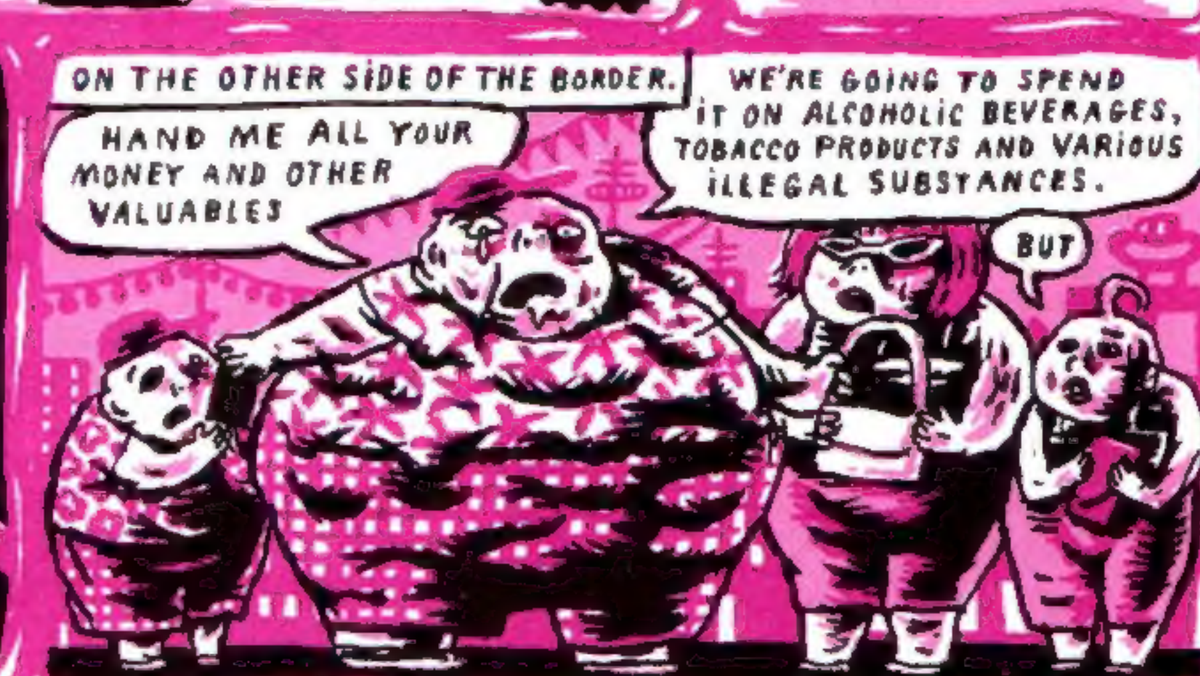
WHAT AN EXCITING STORY!

NO! NO MORE ORGANS! STOP!

SHUT UP AND DO EXACTLY AS WE SAY
SOMETHING WRONG, "POPS"?
N-NO.

ON SECOND THOUGHT WE'RE NOT TAKING THE CAR. IT'LL DO US GOOD TO WALK FOR A CHANGE.

I'M TIRED
STOP
HAVE A NICE VACATION


ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BORDER.
HAND ME ALL YOUR MONEY AND OTHER VALUABLES
WE'RE GOING TO SPEND IT ON ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES, TOBACCO PRODUCTS AND VARIOUS ILLEGAL SUBSTANCES.
BUT

NOW LEAVE YOUR DADDY ALONE. I'M GOING OUT IN THE DESERT FOR A WHILE AND I DON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED.

LATER, BY THE ROADSIDE.

THIS IS MY NEW BOYFRIEND DEATH.
DEATH! WHAT AN HONOR
YOU'RE OUR HERO!
DEATH

THE VIEWERS

I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE T.V. WHY IS IT ON?

WE'RE POOR AND NOBODY CARES ABOUT US.
WE WERE TOLD WE COULD SPEND THE NIGHT HERE.

NOW I CAN'T GET BACK TO SLEEP.

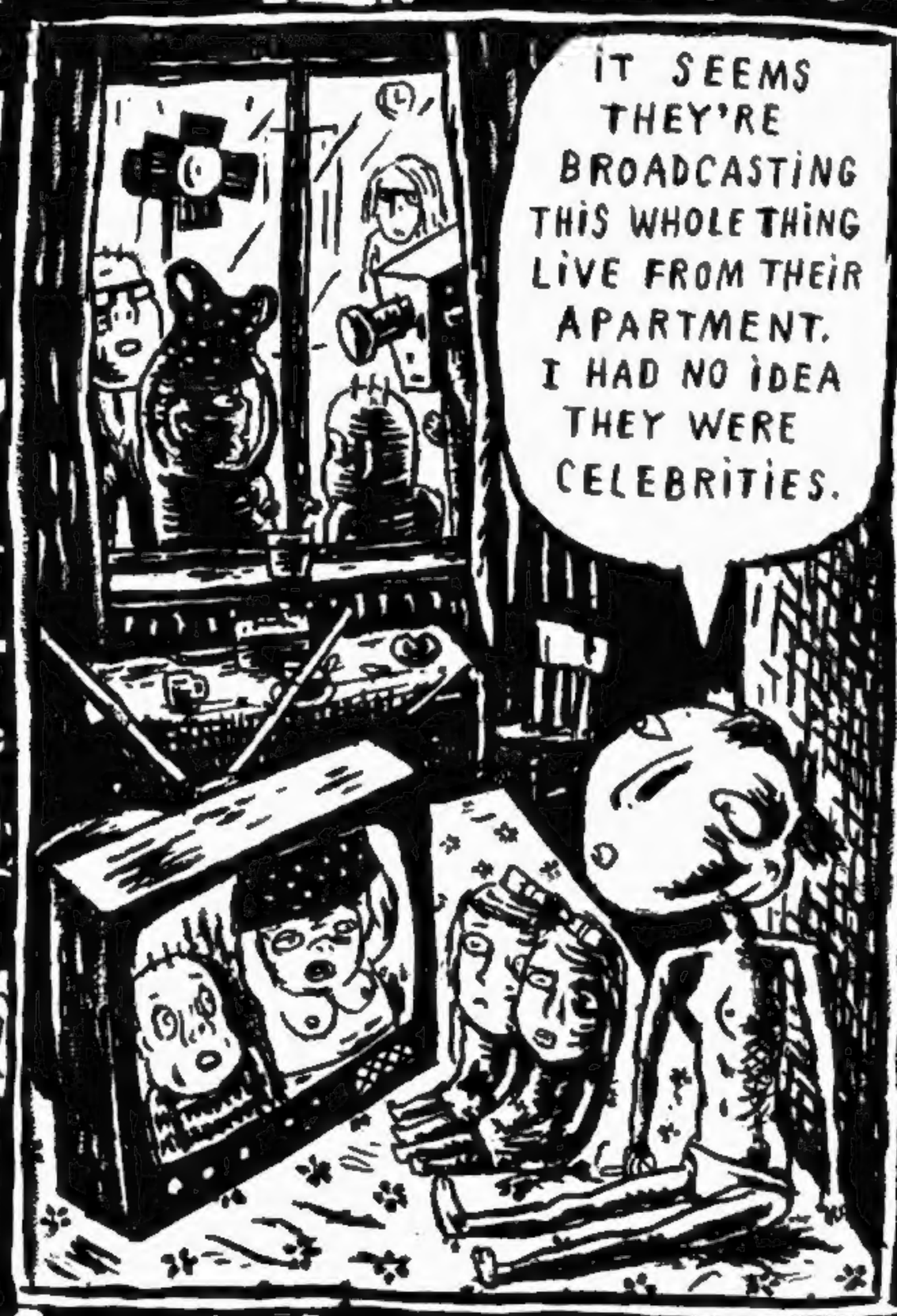
WHAT ARE YOU WATCHING?
DON'T KNOW.

...AND HERE'S OUR NEXT CONTENDER. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, YOUNG LADY?
CUT THE CRAP, EVERYONE KNOWS I'M JUST HERE BECAUSE OF MY NICE ASS.

THAT'S RIGHT. THAT IS ONE GOOD-LOOKING ASS, FOLKS.

BUT... WELL. I GUESS IT'S TIME FOR US TO MOVE ON TO OUR OTHER GUESTS.

WELCOME MR. AND MRS. PALMQVIST!
THAT'S OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS!


IT SEEMS THEY'RE BROADCASTING THIS WHOLE THING LIVE FROM THEIR APARTMENT. I HAD NO IDEA THEY WERE CELEBRITIES.

MY BOYFRIEND HAS GOT TO SEE THIS.

OH NO, HE HAS NO EYES. AND HE'S DEAD!

AW, GREAT! HE WAS COVERED WITH SOME KIND OF SLIME.

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS ?
N-NO.

I SHOULD ASK THE NEIGHBORS IF THEY NOTICED ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS AROUND HERE.

BUT

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT? MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

WE'RE SICK OF YOU INVADING OUR PRIVACY.

AND JUST LOOK AT THIS FILTH! IT'S DISGUSTING, THE WAY YOU LIVE.

PLUS YOU'RE DIRTY AND YOU OUGHT TO CHANGE YOUR UNDERWEAR.

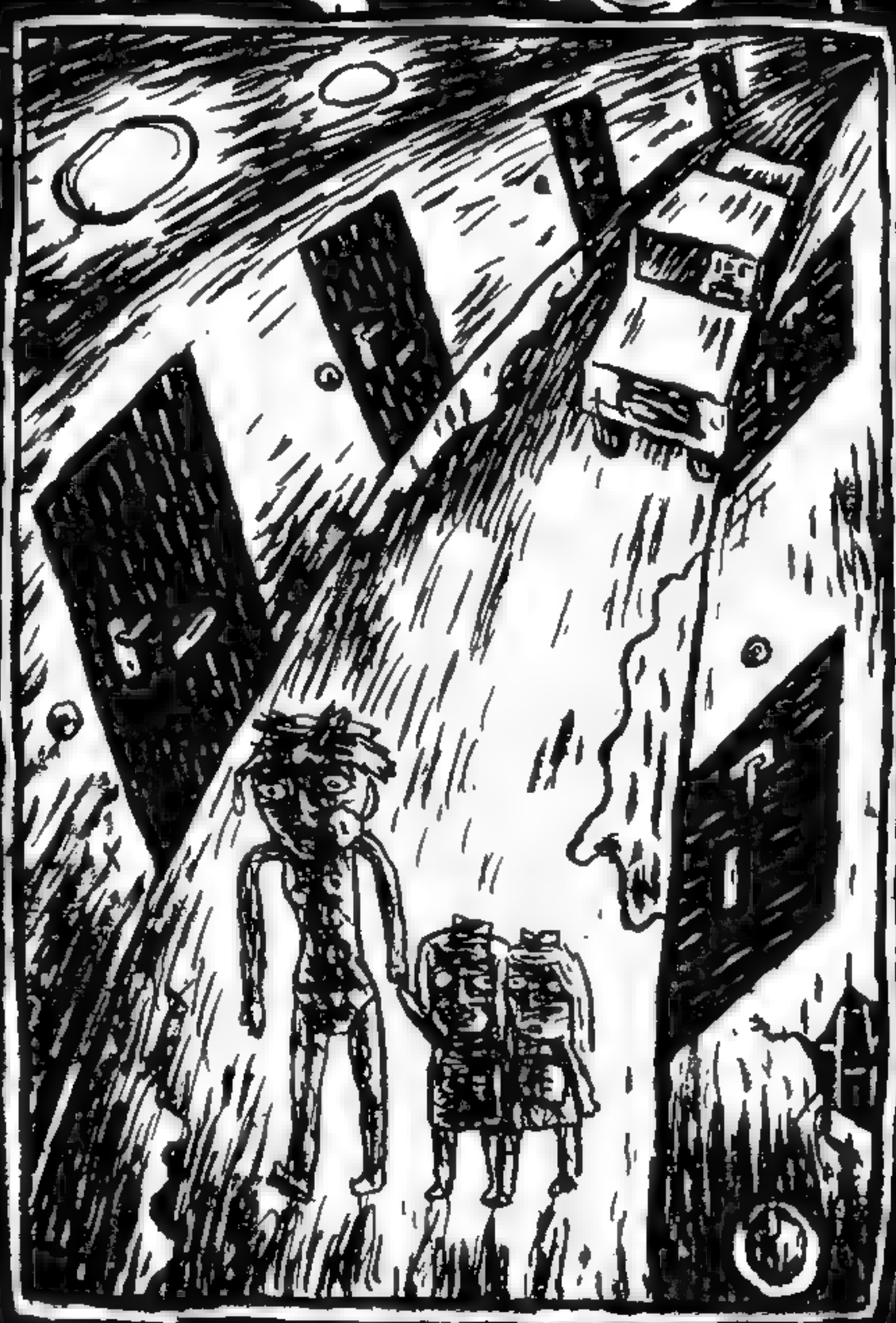
BUT WE'RE NOT GOING TO PUT UP WITH IT ANY LONGER.

WE'RE BREAKING UP WITH YOU.

DAMN!

I COULD REALLY USE A BATH.

WE KNOW A PLACE WHERE THEY'VE GOT SHOWERS. IT'S RIGHT DOWN THIS CORRIDOR.



WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

THAT'S THE WAY TO GO. ONE ONLY NEEDS TO ACT WITH SELF-CONFIDENCE IN ORDER TO GET RESPECT FROM OTHER PEOPLE

THIS IS THE PLACE. EVERYONE GETS ONE OF THESE CAGES. THERE IS A SHOWER INSIDE.

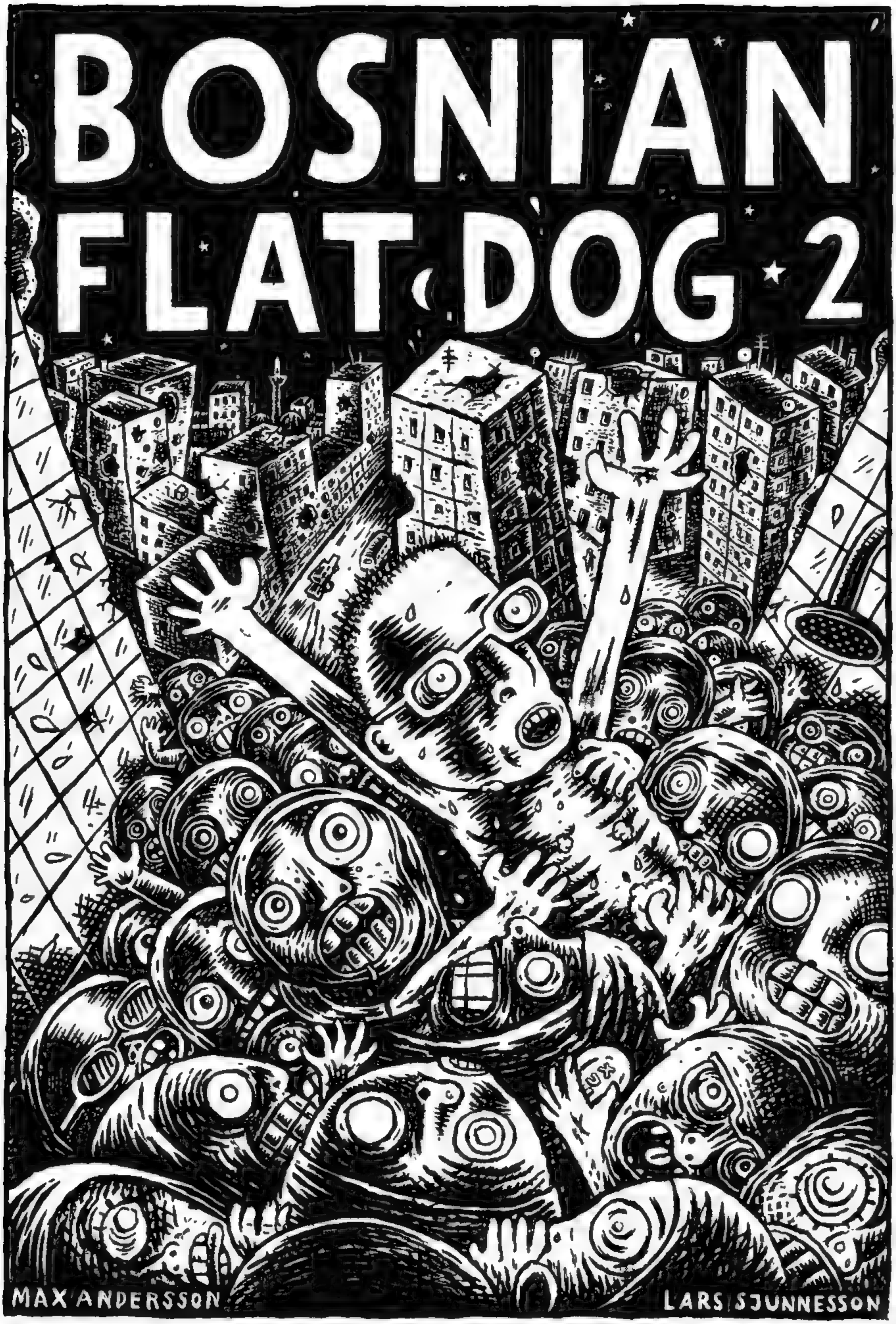
THAT ONE IS YOURS. IT'S GOT YOUR NAME ON IT.

YOU BASTARDS THINK YOU'RE SO SPECIAL!
YOU CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE THE POSSIBILITY OF GETTING CLEAN IN A LITTLE BOX LIKE THIS, CAN YOU? WELL, JUST WATCH ME!
DAMN, THERE'S NO SOAP.
SUDDENLY

MY PUBIC HAIR IS ABSORBING THE WATER AND EXPANDING. I CAN USE IT LIKE A SPONGE!
WHEN IT DRIES, IT SHRINKS BACK TO NORMAL AGAIN. HOW PRACTICAL!
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

YOU'RE SO DIFFERENT NOW.
YEAH, I FEEL LIKE A NEW PERSON.

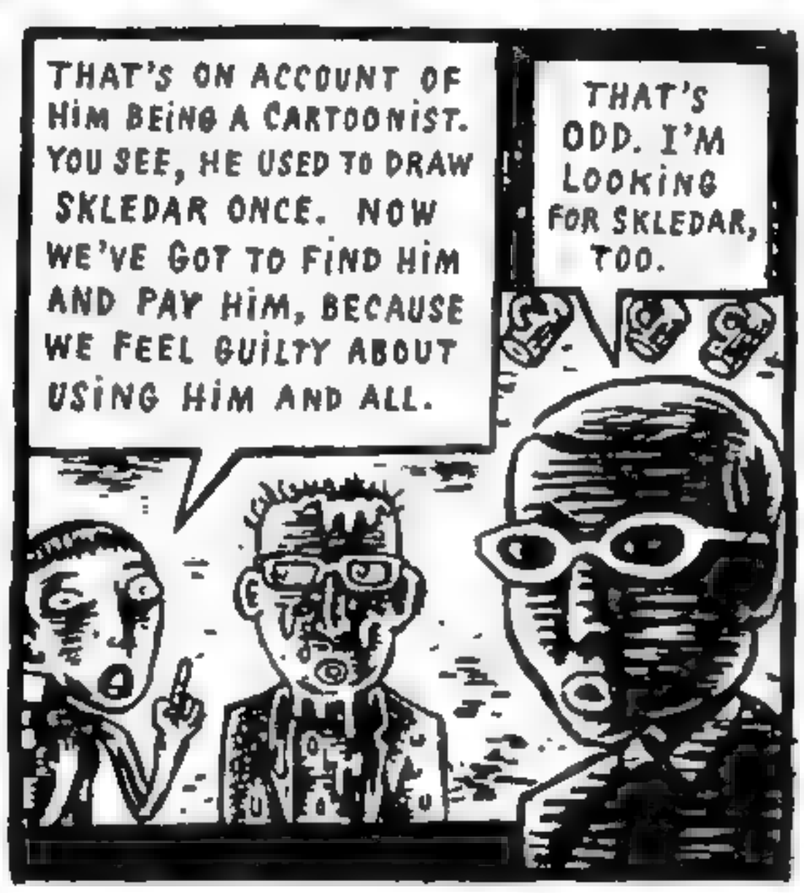
BOSNIAN FLAT DOG 2

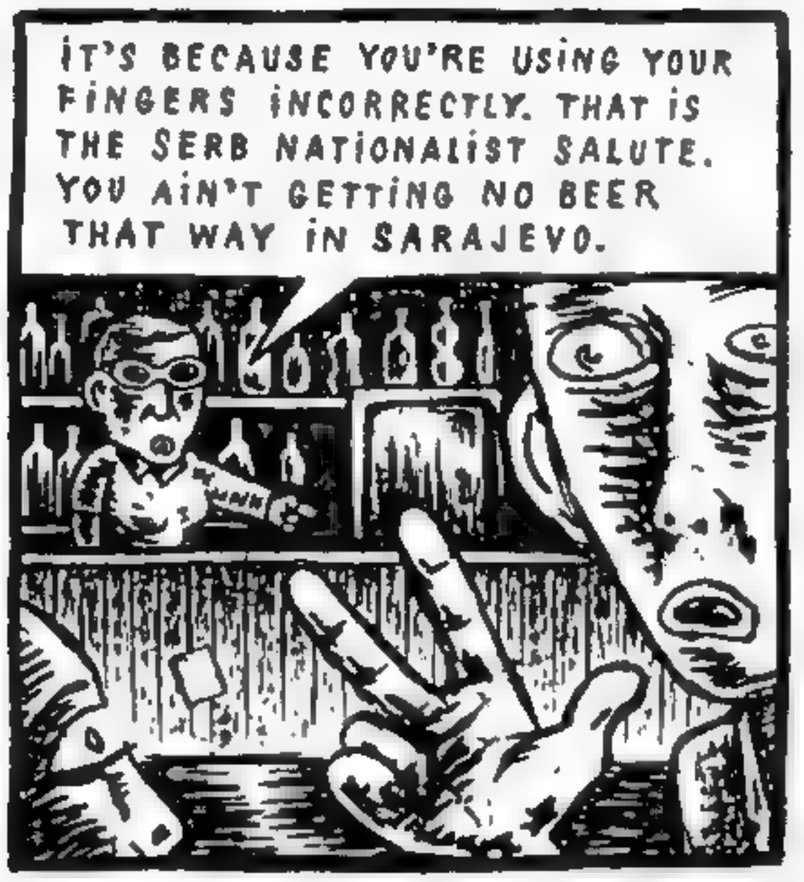


HEY, THREE BEERS PLEASE!

WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR HALF AN HOUR BUT NO ONE'S PAID ANY ATTENTION. SERVICE IN THIS TOWN CERTAINLY LEAVES A LOT TO BE DESIRED.

I'LL GO ORDER AT THE BAR.



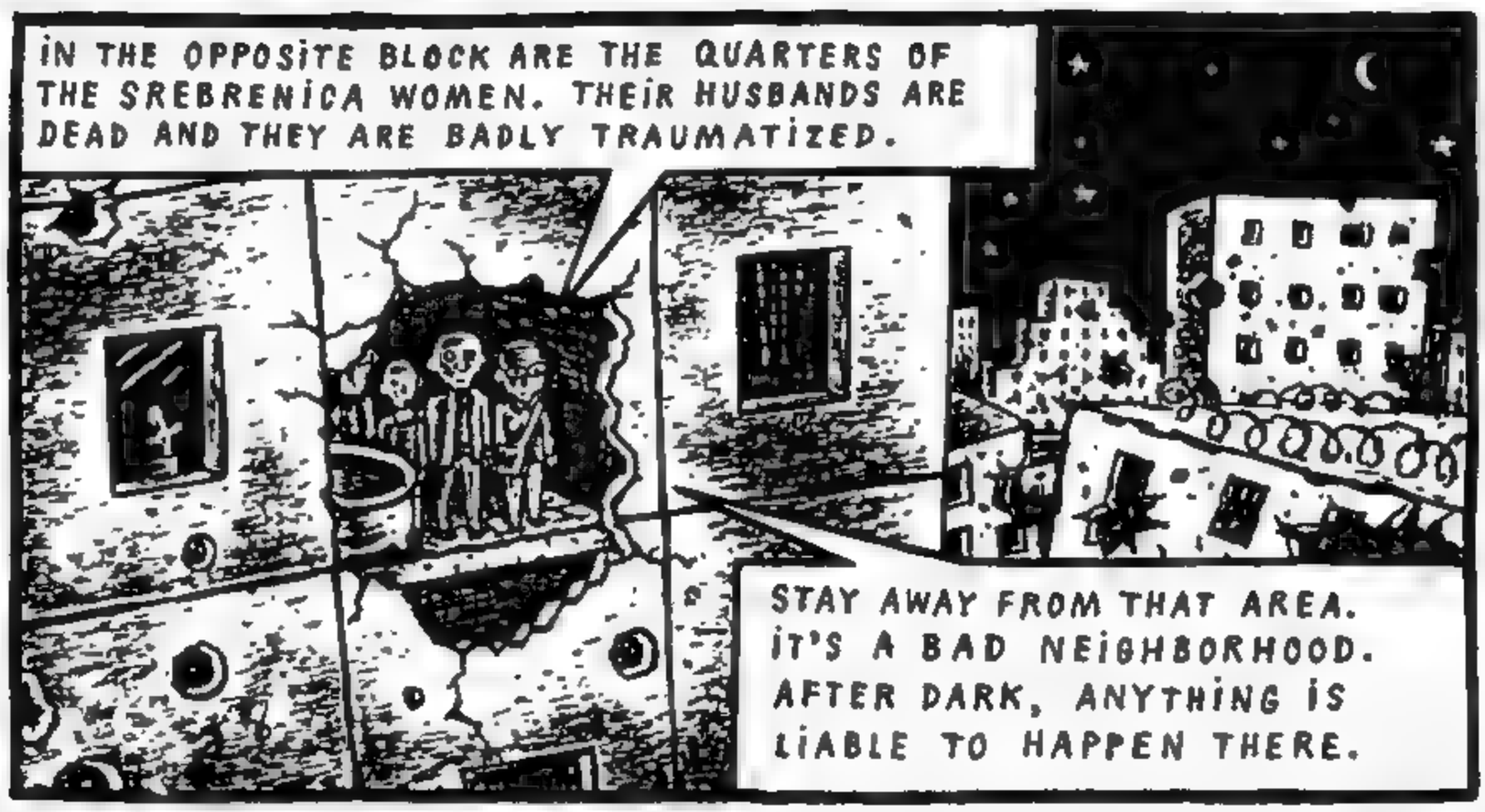


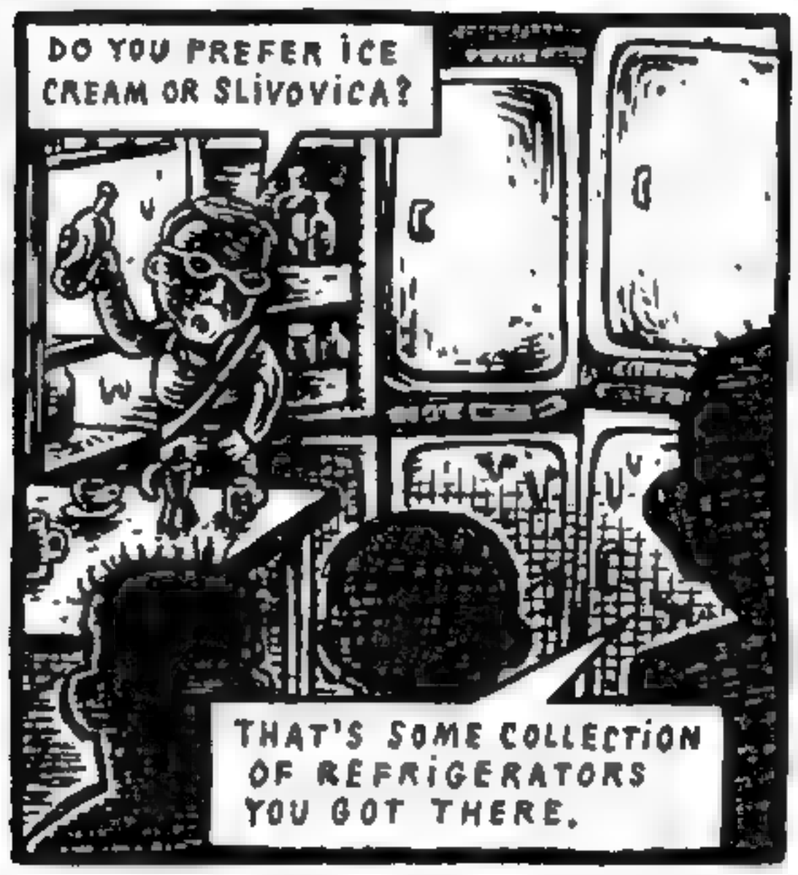
ARE THESE BUILDINGS REALLY STILL INHABITED?
PEOPLE HAVE NO CHOICE. IT'S DIFFICULT TO FIND APARTMENTS NOWADAYS. A LOT OF THEM WERE BLOWN TO PIECES DURING THE WAR, AND THEN ALL THE REFUGEES ARRIVED.

ME, I'VE BEEN LUCKY.
MY APARTMENT SURVIVED THE WAR PRACTICALLY INTACT. ONLY THE BATHROOM SUFFERED SOME DAMAGE.

BUT ISN'T IT ANNOYING, WHAT WITH THE LACK OF PRIVACY?

YES. YOU HAVE TO BE CAREFUL WHEN YOU TAKE A SHOWER. MANY MEN WHO EXPOSED THEIR BODIES HAVE BEEN ABDUCTED.


IN THE OPPOSITE BLOCK ARE THE QUARTERS OF THE SREBRENICA WOMEN. THEIR HUSBANDS ARE DEAD AND THEY ARE BADLY TRAUMATIZED.
STAY AWAY FROM THAT AREA. IT'S A BAD NEIGHBORHOOD. AFTER DARK, ANYTHING IS LIABLE TO HAPPEN THERE.


DO YOU PREFER ICE CREAM OR SLIVOVICA?
THAT'S SOME COLLECTION OF REFRIGERATORS YOU GOT THERE.

THOSE ARE NOT VERY GOOD REFRIGERATORS. I'VE MANAGED TO STOP UP SOME OF THE LEAKS USING SKLEDAR'S OLD DIARIES.

THIS ONE IS STILL LEGIBLE IN SPITE OF THE WATER DAMAGE.

"JUNE 25, 1992. TODAY WE LOST THE ELECTRICITY AGAIN. TITO HAS STARTED THAWING."

WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! THE NEIGHBORS WILL COMPLAIN.

I'LL GO BUY SOME ICE CREAM.

A LITTLE BIT LATER.

DIDN'T YOU BUY ANY FOR ME?

NO, I FORGOT. THERE'S ONLY ENOUGH FOR TITO.

NOW MAYBE HE'LL STAY COOL UNTIL THE POWER RETURNS.

TODAY IS OUR ONE-YEAR ANNIVERSARY.

REALLY?

LOOK, I MANAGED TO GET HOLD OF ONE MORE FRIDGE WHILE I WAS OUT.

WHY DO THE REFRIGERATORS HAVE TO MAKE SO MUCH NOISE? I CAN'T SLEEP WITH ALL THIS RACKET GOING ON.

"JULY 1, 1995. ALL OF SARAJEVO'S TRADITIONAL ICE CREAM LADIES HAVE DIED. THE SITUATION IS GETTING DESPERATE."

ALL SARAJEVO ICE-CREAM LADIES DEAD! LOTTO

GIVE ME THAT ICE CREAM!

NO.

TITO NEEDS IT. WHERE DID YOU GET THIS?

BOO HOO! THE NEW ICE CREAM LADIES HAVE TONS OF IT!

NEW ICE CREAM LADIES? THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!

IT WAS AWFUL KIND OF THEM TO LEND ME THEIR ARMOURED TRUCK, TO BRING HOME ALL THAT ICE CREAM. MIRA WILL BE ECSTATIC!

ICE CREAM

BUT

WHAT HAPPENED TO TITO? ONE OF HIS LEGS IS GONE!

I GAVE IT AWAY TO A REFUGEE. I DIDN'T THINK YOU CARED, IT WAS NEARLY ROTTEN ANYWAY.

NOVEMBER 1995
03.45 HOURS

I'VE GOT TO TRY AND STAY AWAKE, OR ELSE MIRA MAY GIVE AWAY MORE PARTS OF TITO WHILE I'M SLEEPING.

WITH THE HELP OF THIS SCHEDULE, I'M ABLE TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT FRIDGE TITO IS OCCUPYING AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT.

IN A FEW MINUTES, IT'LL BE TIME FOR HIS TRANSFER FROM REFRIGERATOR NUMBER 17 TO REFRIGERATOR NUMBER 18.

DAMN! WHERE IS HE? HE WAS DUE TO BE IN REFRIGERATOR NUMBER SEVENTEEN BY THIS TIME!

HELP! I CAN'T FIND HIM!

WHERE DID HE GO ?!

WHAT'S GOING ON? YOU WOKE ME UP WITH YOUR HOLLERING.

UH, NOTHING SPECIAL. I WAS JUST LOOKING FOR BEER...

I THOUGHT YOU PUT ALL THE BEER IN THE FRIDGE BY THE BATHTUB.

REFRIGERATOR NUMBER TWELVE?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT NUMBER IT IS.

HERE HE IS!

I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT A NEW SYSTEM, THIS WON'T DO.

WE'RE GOING OUT FOR A WHILE.

JUST MAKE SURE TO BE HOME FOR DINNER AT FIVE.

THE DAYTON PEACE TALKS WILL BE LIVE ON T.V.!

THAT'S THE LAST ENTRY IN THE DIARY.

WHERE DID HE GO?

WE'LL TRY TO LOOK INTO THAT TOMORROW. NOW LET'S HAVE SOME SLEEP.

WHY DO THE BOMBERS HAVE TO FLY SO LOW?

AT LEAST IT'S A CONTINUOUS SOUND. EVENTUALLY YOU'LL GET USED TO IT, LIKE WITH THE SOUND OF SEA WAVES OR AN OLD REFRIGERATOR.

THE NEXT DAY.

"TWO MORE AMERICAN SFOR SOLDIERS WERE REPORTED TO HAVE VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE YESTERDAY. ALL SFOR PERSONNEL WERE PUT IN A STATE OF HIGH ALERT AND EXTENSIVE PRECAUTIONS WERE TAKEN TO PREVENT FURTHER CASES."

FREAK WAVE OF DISAPPEARINGS HITS PEACEKEEPING FORCES

The International Community Is Paralyzed.

"VAST SHOPPING MALLS WERE ERECTED NEXT TO THE BARRACKS IN ORDER TO SUPPLY THE PEACE TROOPS ONLY WITH IMPORTED GOODS FROM THEIR OWN COUNTRIES. FURTHERMORE THE SOLDIERS WERE INSTRUCTED NOT TO WANDER OUTSIDE WITHOUT COMPANY, AND NEVER TO SPEAK TO STRANGERS."

THAT SOUNDS ALARMING. WE NEED TO BE ON OUR TOES AS WE GO ABOUT THIS TOWN.

WATCH OUT! YOU ALMOST STEPPED IN THAT HUGE PILE OF DOGSHIT!

THAT'S NOT SHIT, THAT'S THE DOMESTIC BREED OF DOG. IT'S CALLED "BOSNIAN FLAT DOG."

IT APPEARED THROUGH MUTATION AFTER THE WAR AS A RESULT OF THE SEVERE TRAFFIC CONDITIONS. NOW THEY'RE A REAL PEST.

IT REMINDS ME OF THIS ANIMAL I SAW IN A DREAM A FEW YEARS AGO.

IT WAS IN 1995. IN MY DREAM I WAS WALKING AROUND KRAJINA IN CROATIA. THE STREETS WERE EMPTY AND STILL, AND THERE WAS A SENSE OF FALL IN THE AIR.

"THE ONLY SIGN OF LIFE WAS TWO DOG-LIKE ANIMALS IN A SHOP WINDOW."

"THEY WERE TOTALLY FLAT AND MOVED LIKE SNAILS. DESCENDING FROM THE CEILING, LARGE VACUUM CLEANER NOZZLES RUBBED AGAINST THEM, WHICH CAUSED SOME SORT OF RIPPLES TO APPEAR ALONG THEIR BACKS."

"I WATCHED THEM FOR A WHILE BUT THEN MY BUS ARRIVED, SO I GOT OUT OF THERE."

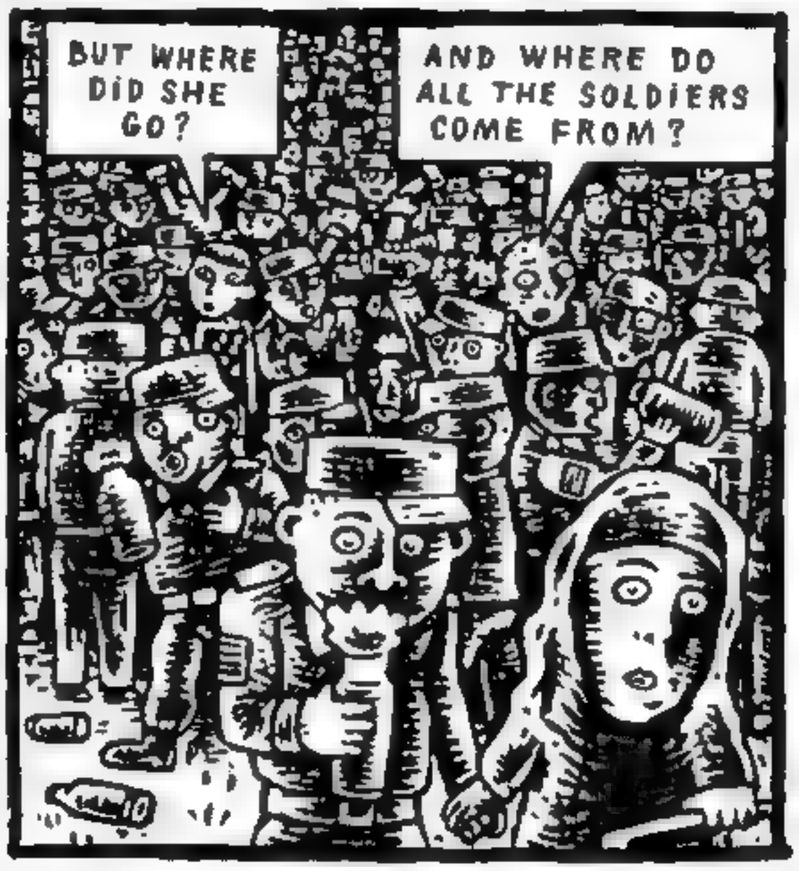
THIS IS WHAT I CALL A LOT OF SOLDIERS!

IT APPEARS TO BE SOME KIND OF OUTING.
I WONDER WHY THEY NEED TO BE SO MANY?
THEY'RE PROBABLY AFRAID OF DISAPPEARING, LIKE IN THAT NEWSPAPER ARTICLE.
ICE-CREAM
WATER DEFENDER

THEY EVEN BROUGHT THEIR OWN TOYS. THERE'S A HELICOPTER YOU CAN RIDE IN IF YOU THROW IN A COIN.
THAT'S AN APACHE HELICOPTER. I HEAR THEY'RE SOON TO BE ENGAGED IN THE AIR OVER KOSOVO, IN ADDITION TO THOSE BOMBERS FLYING OVER OUR HEADS ALL THE TIME.
APACHE
1 KM

ICE-CREAM
HEY LOOK, SHE SELLS GENUINE SARAJEVO ICE CREAM BOMBS! WHAT IF THEY'RE THE SAME KIND THEY BLASTED US WITH?
GENUINE SARAJEVO ICE CREAM BOMB!

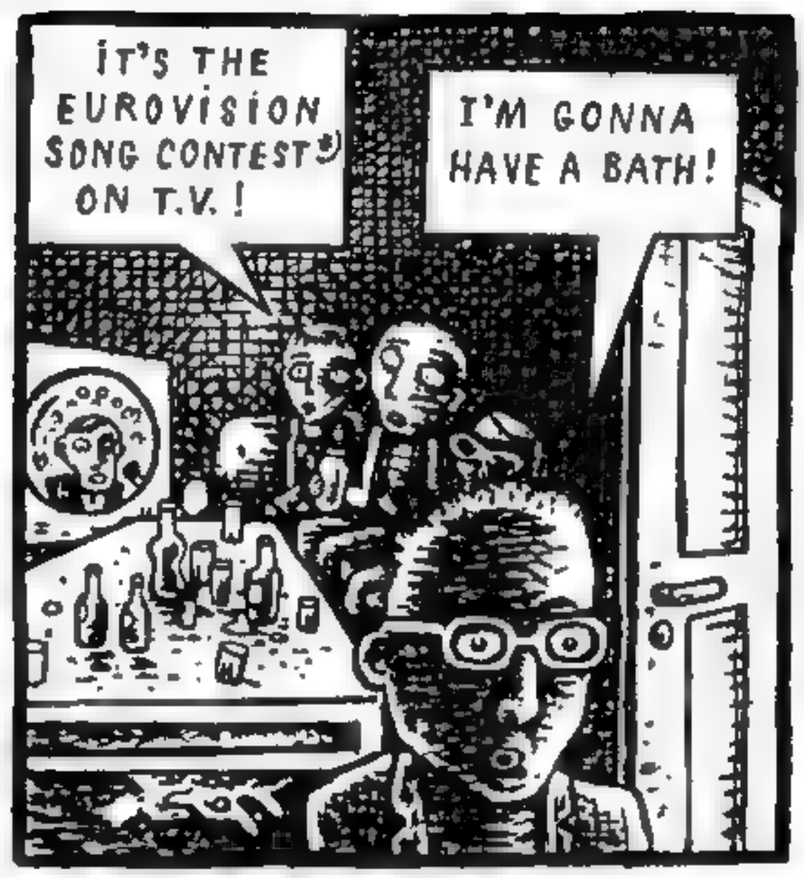
ICE-CREAM
WE SHOULD ASK THE SALESWOMAN.

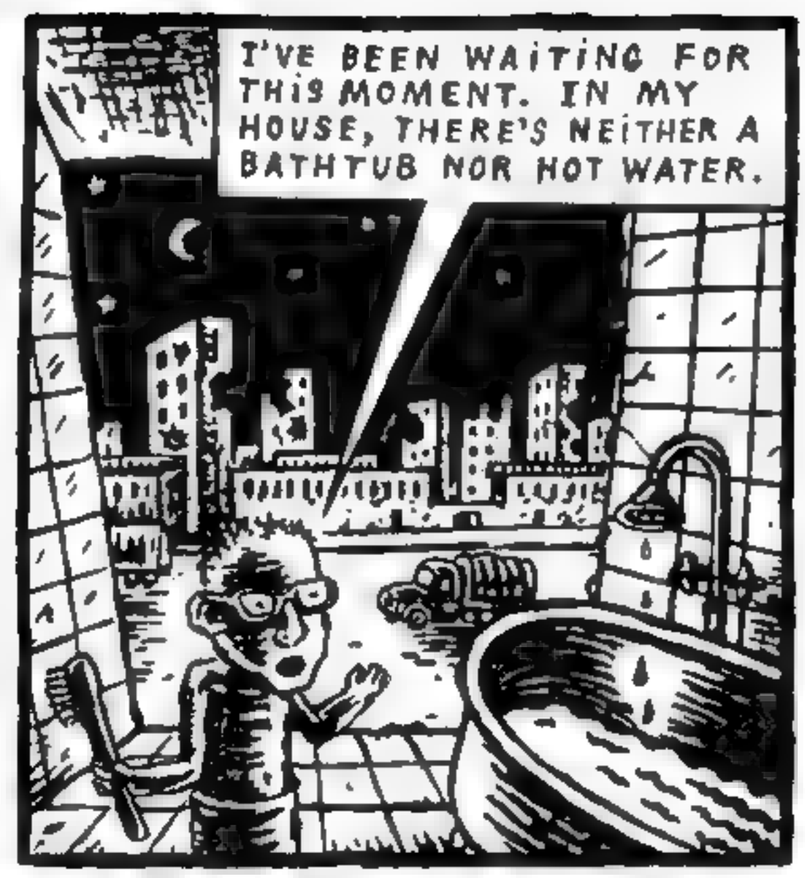

BUT WHERE DID SHE GO?
AND WHERE DO ALL THE SOLDIERS COME FROM?

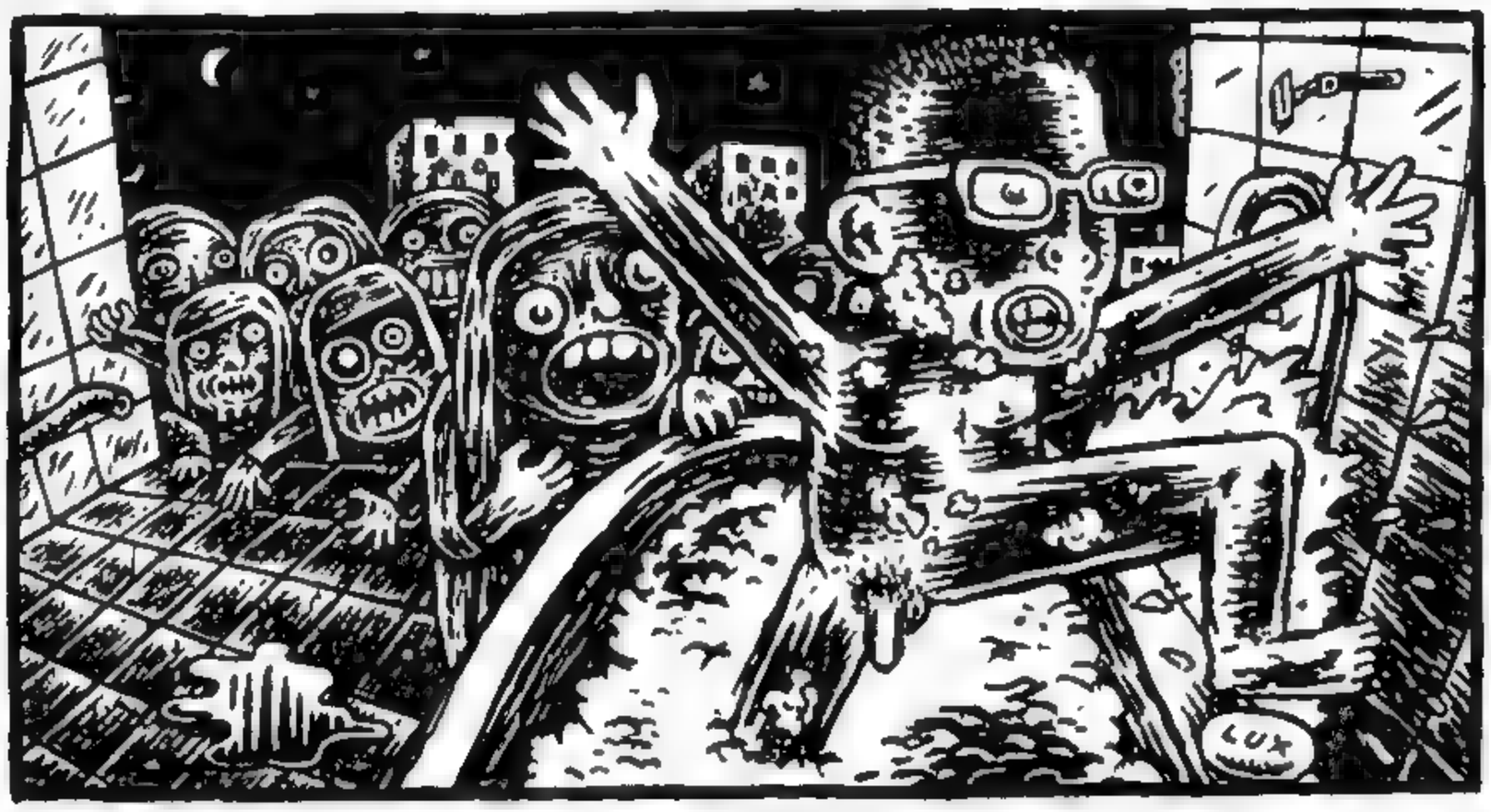
SHE CAN'T JUST DISAPPEAR FOR NO GOOD REASON AT ALL!
I SEE AN EMPTY GRENADE SHELL.

I WONDER IF THERE'S STILL ICE CREAM IN IT?

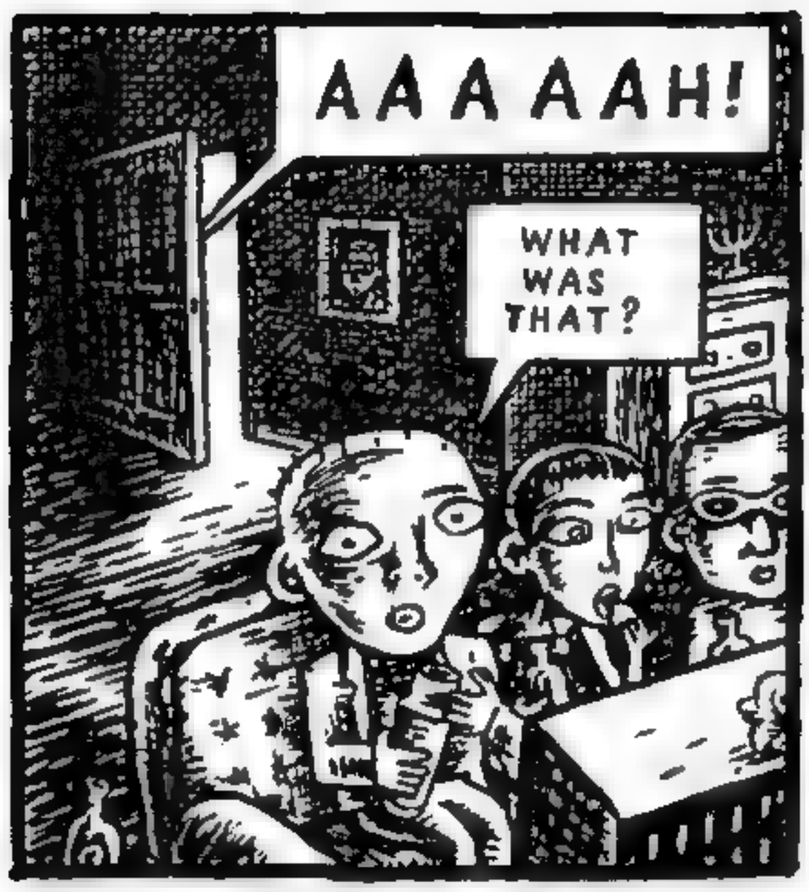
YES THERE IS!







*) A TELEVISED EVENT THAT HAS MANAGED TO BRING ALL THE DIFFERENT PEOPLES OF EUROPE (PLUS ISRAEL) TOGETHER FOR AN EVENING OF FRIENDLY COMPETITION AND GOOD CLEAN FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT FOR WELL OVER 4 DECADES.


AAAAAH!
WHAT WAS THAT?

LARS IS GONE!

HERE'S A TORN VEIL AND SOME ICE CREAM.

IT'S THE WIDOWS OF SREBRENICA WHO HAVE ABDUCTED HIM! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

I HAVE TO TRY AND SAVE LARS. BUT IF I SHOW MYSELF CLAD THIS SCANTILY, I RUN THE RISK OF SHARING HIS FATE.

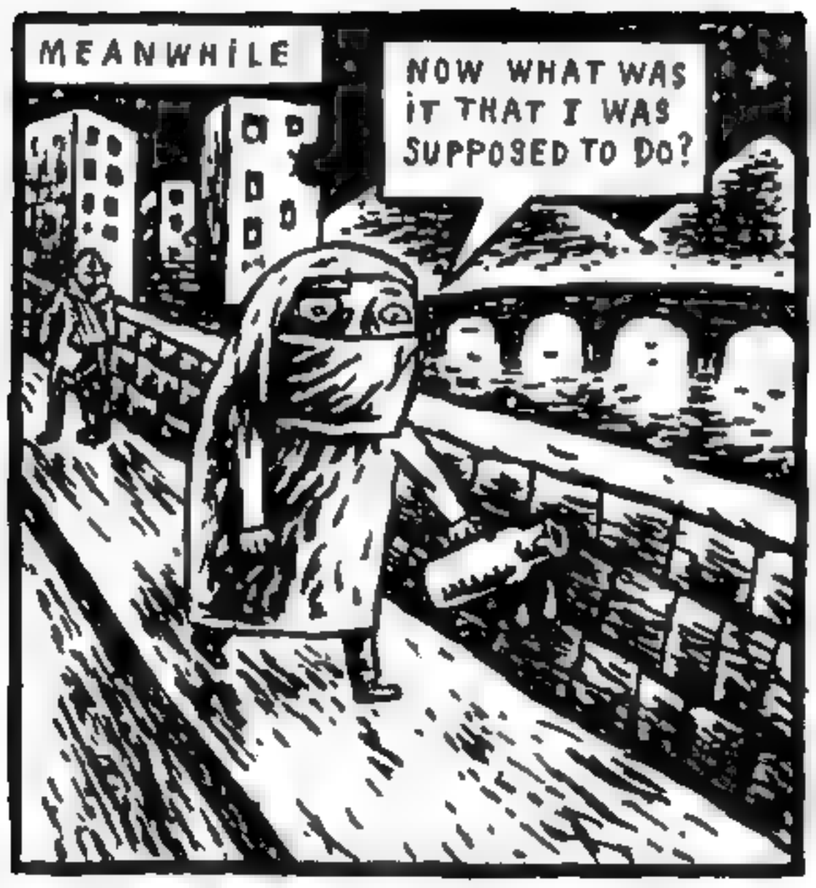
I'M GOING OUT FOR A WHILE.
BE QUIET, THEY JUST STARTED COUNTING THE VOTES!

THE SWEDISH SONG IS GETTING AN AWFUL LOT OF POINTS! WHAT IF WE WIN!
LUXEMBOURG DIX POINTS!

OH NO, THAT WAS THE LAST BOTTLE! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

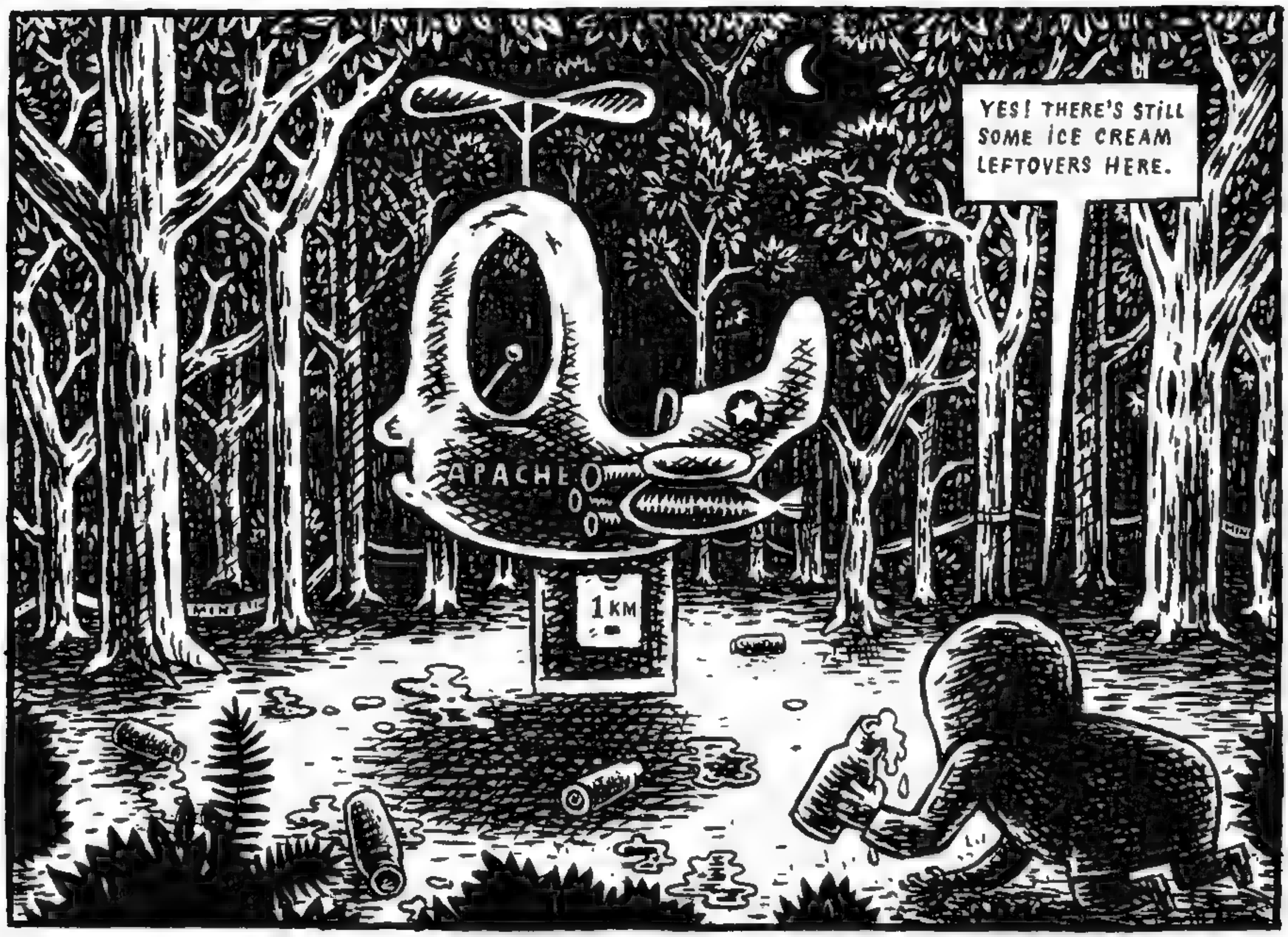
WE HAVE TO GET MORE BOOZE. BUT IF WE GO OUT NOW, WE RUN THE RISK OF NOT KNOWING WHICH SONG WON THE CONTEST.
I KNOW A GOOD BAR WITH A BIG SCREEN T.V. JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

THIS PLACE FEELS KIND OF EMPTY. WHERE'D THE OTHERS GO?
WHO DO YOU MEAN?


MEANWHILE
NOW WHAT WAS IT THAT I WAS SUPPOSED TO DO?

I WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING. THAT'S IT: MORE ICE CREAM.
IT'S TOO DARK TO SEE ANYTHING. WHY DON'T THEY HAVE STREET LAMPS?

SNIFF SNIFF! I SENSE SOMETHING FAMILIAR HERE. THE SMELL IS GROWING STRONGER.


YES! THERE'S STILL SOME ICE CREAM LEFTOVERS HERE.
APACHE
1 KM

I ALWAYS WANTED TO RIDE IN ONE OF THESE AS A KID. I GUESS THIS MUST BE THE JOYSTICK!
APACHE

AAAH!

1 KM
TO BE CONTINUED

I'LL KILL YOU
AAAH
HA HA, I SURVIVED AND BECAME A MARTIAL ARTS EXPERT IN THE DESERT
I'M A KILLER COP FROM THE HELL-PLANET BRUT 33.
I'M A FEMALE PSYCHOPATH FROM GOTHENBURG.
WILL YOU MARRY ME?
YES
MAX ANDERSSON

I THINK I'LL TAKE A SHOWER.
OOPS, IT'S MY EX-HUSBAND.
LUCKILY, I BOUGHT A NEW CAN OF AJAX SUPER-CLEANER TODAY
AJAX
THERE ARE NO EXCUSES ANYMORE, BOYS
AJAX
MAX ANDERSSON

DURING A ROUTINE CALL, NEW YORK POLICE OFFICER FRANK ZIPPO IS ACCIDENTALLY HIT BY A CAR THROUGH HIS STOMACH.
GOD-DAMN IT, FUCK!
HIS WIFE DECIDES TO LEAVE HIM.
I'M SORRY, FRANK, IT JUST ISN'T GOING TO WORK.
HE IS NICK-NAMED "SPOILER" AND BECOMES THE TOUGHEST COP IN POLICE HISTORY.
DOESN'T IT HURT?
ONLY WHEN I BUGGER YOU.
MAX ANDERSSON

MADAM, YOUR CAT IS A DANGEROUS SERIAL KILLER.
HE CUT UP HIS VICTIMS AND BURIED THE PARTS IN THE CAT-BOX.
WHEREUPON YOU, UNWITTINGLY, FLUSHED THEM DOWN THE TOILET.
IT WAS THE PERFECT PLAN.
BUT LITTLE DID HE KNOW THAT HIS HAIRS GOT STUCK IN THE CLUMPS FORMED BY THE CAT-LITTER, AND BETRAYED HIM.
ALWAYS USE PUTTY-KAT,® THE CLUMP-FORMING CAT-LITTER.
KITTY, HOW COULD YOU?
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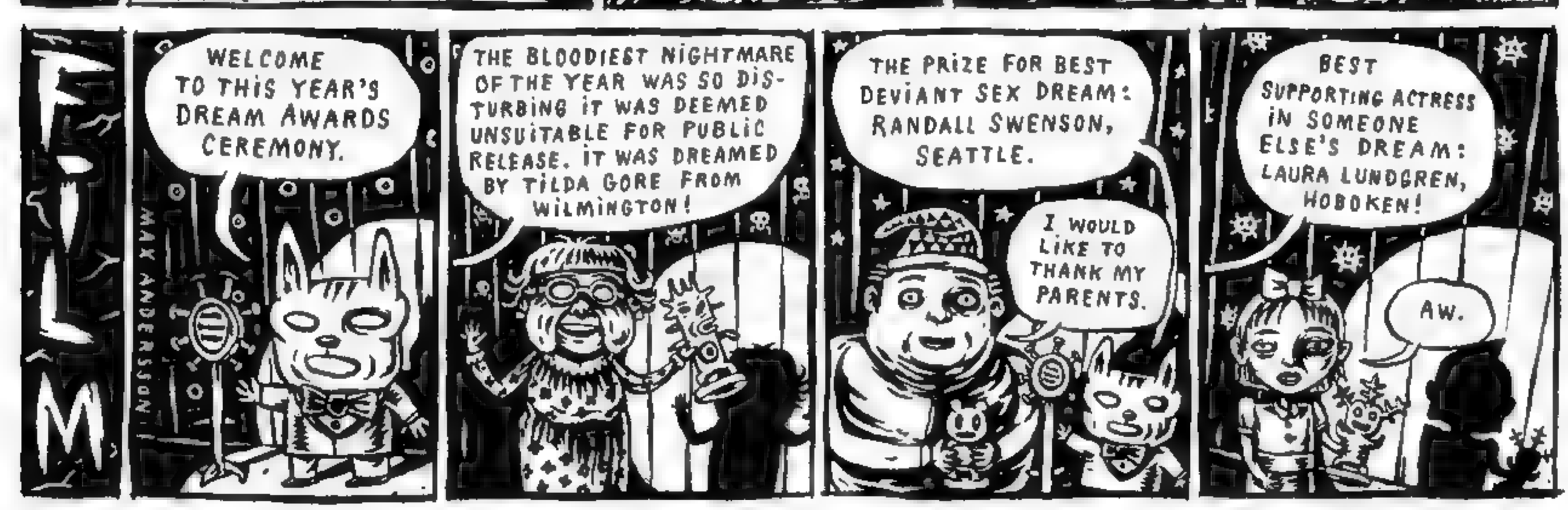
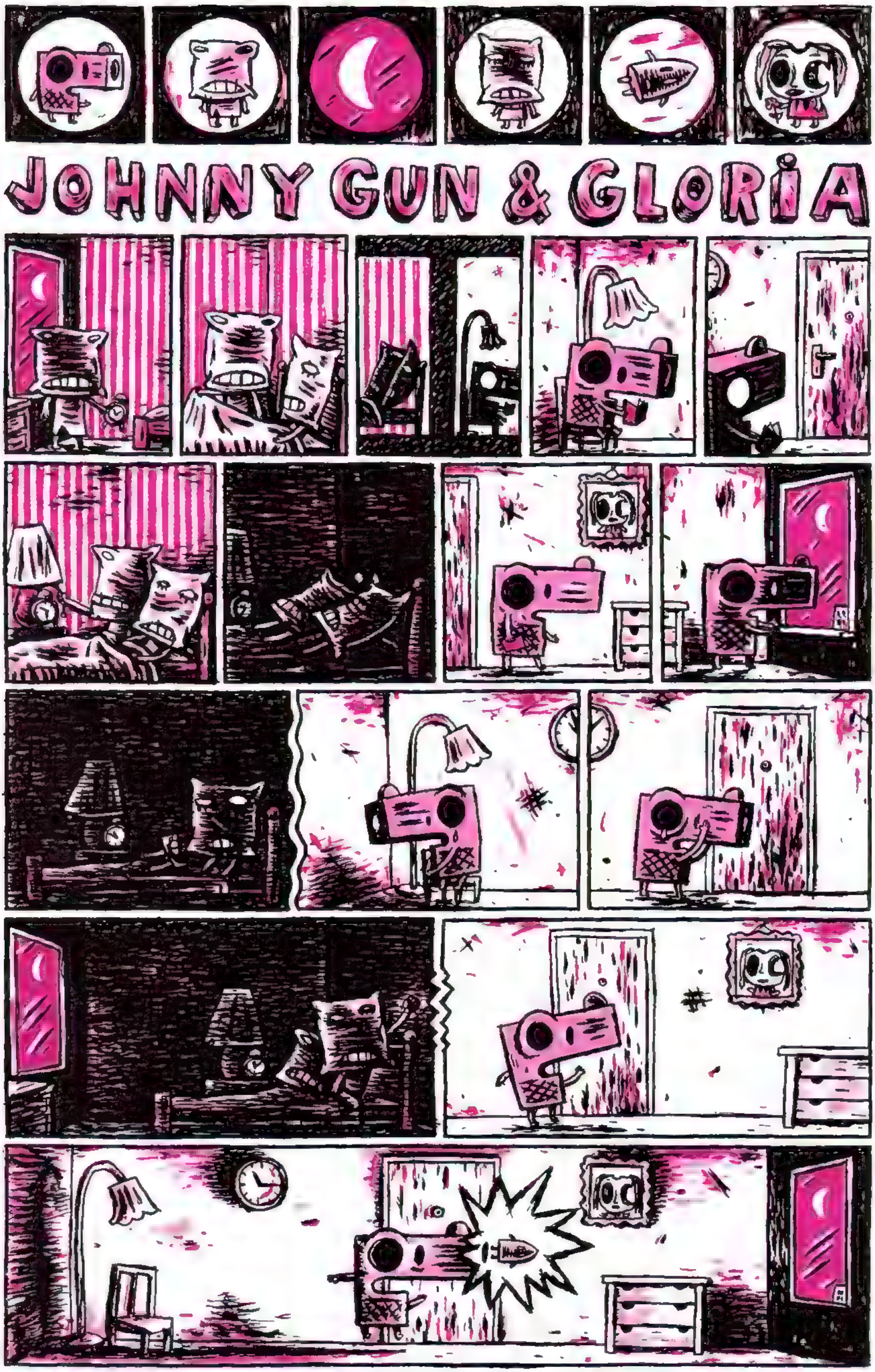

WELCOME TO THIS YEAR'S DREAM AWARDS CEREMONY.
THE BLOODIEST NIGHTMARE OF THE YEAR WAS SO DISTURBING IT WAS DEEMED UNSUITABLE FOR PUBLIC RELEASE. IT WAS DREAMED BY TILDA GORE FROM WILMINGTON!
THE PRIZE FOR BEST DEVIANT SEX DREAM: RANDALL SWENSON, SEATTLE.
I WOULD LIKE TO THANK MY PARENTS.
BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS IN SOMEONE ELSE'S DREAM: LAURA LUNDGREN, HOBOKEN!
AW.
MAX ANDERSSON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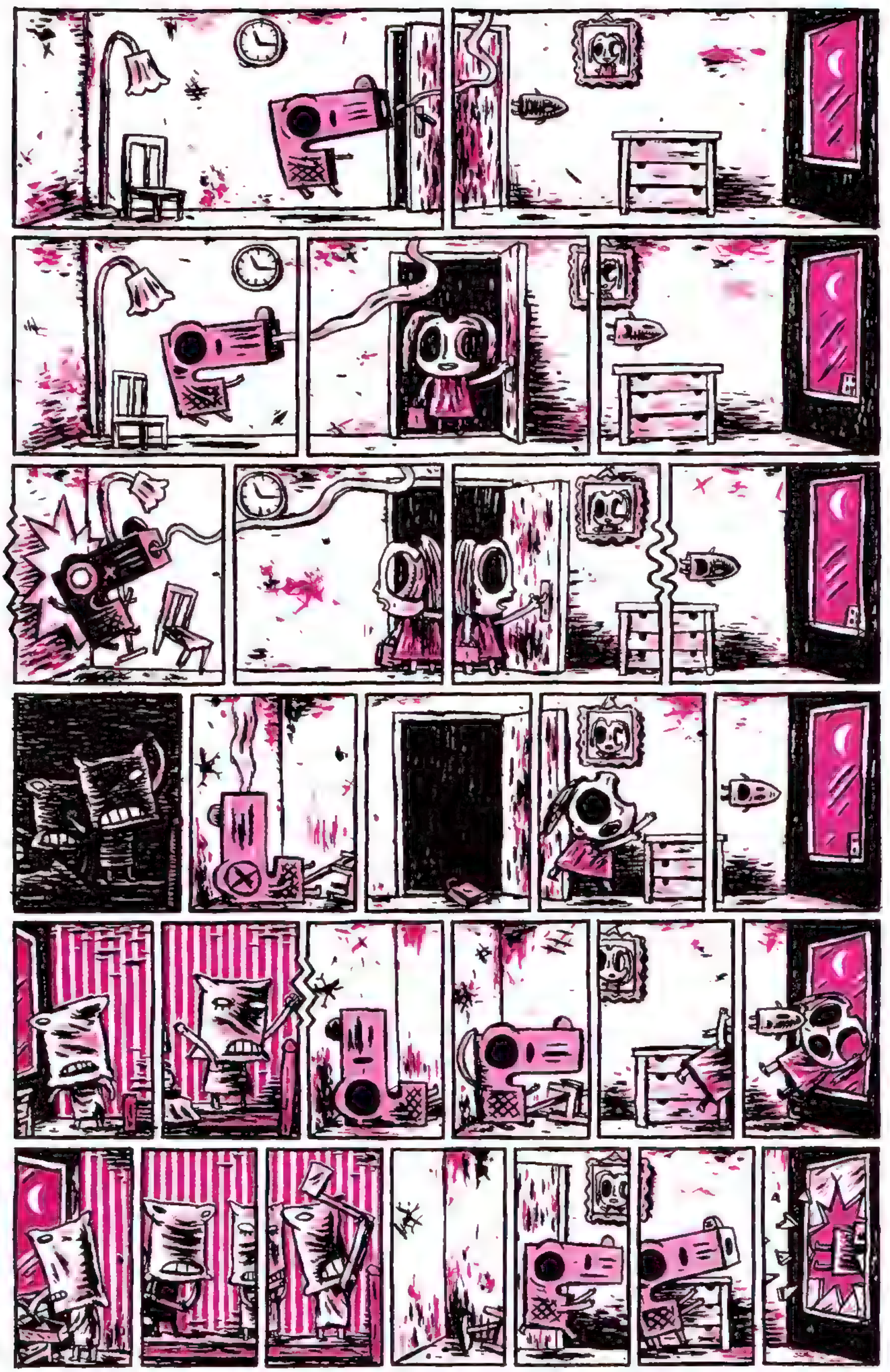

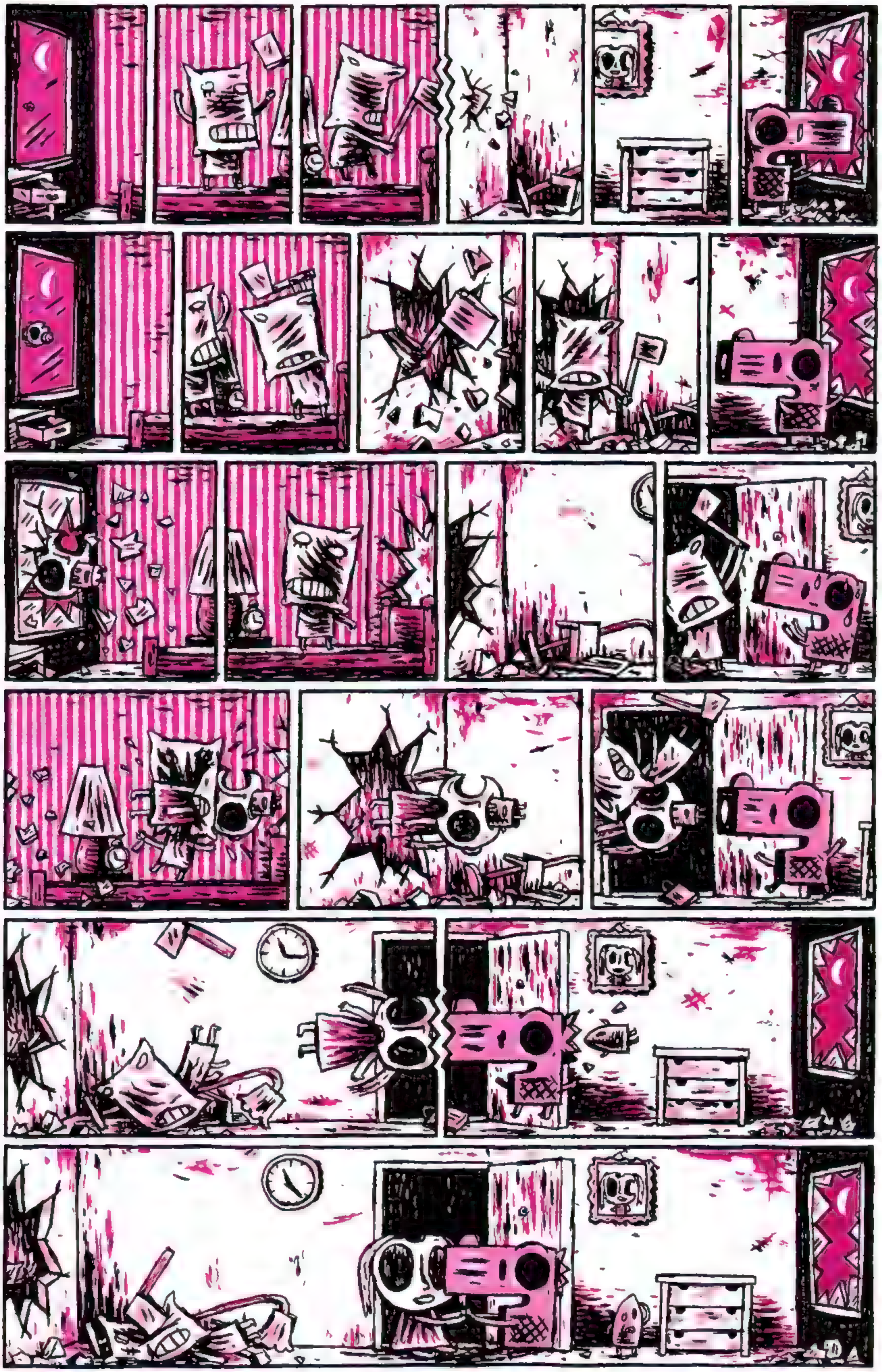

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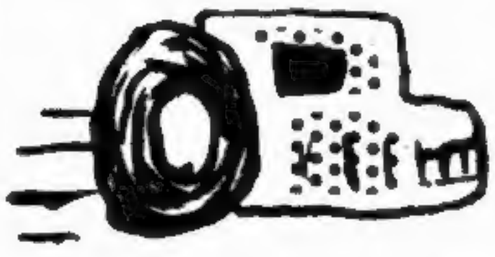

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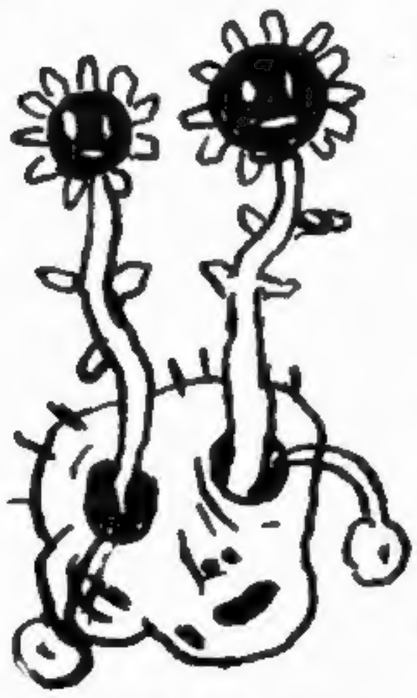

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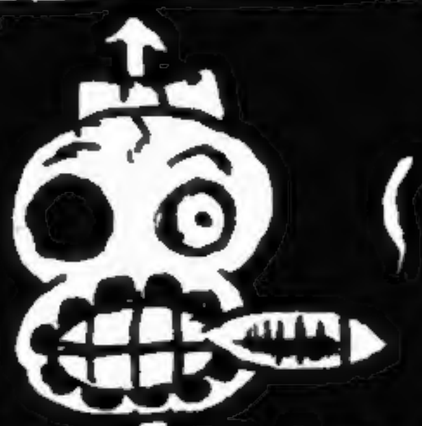

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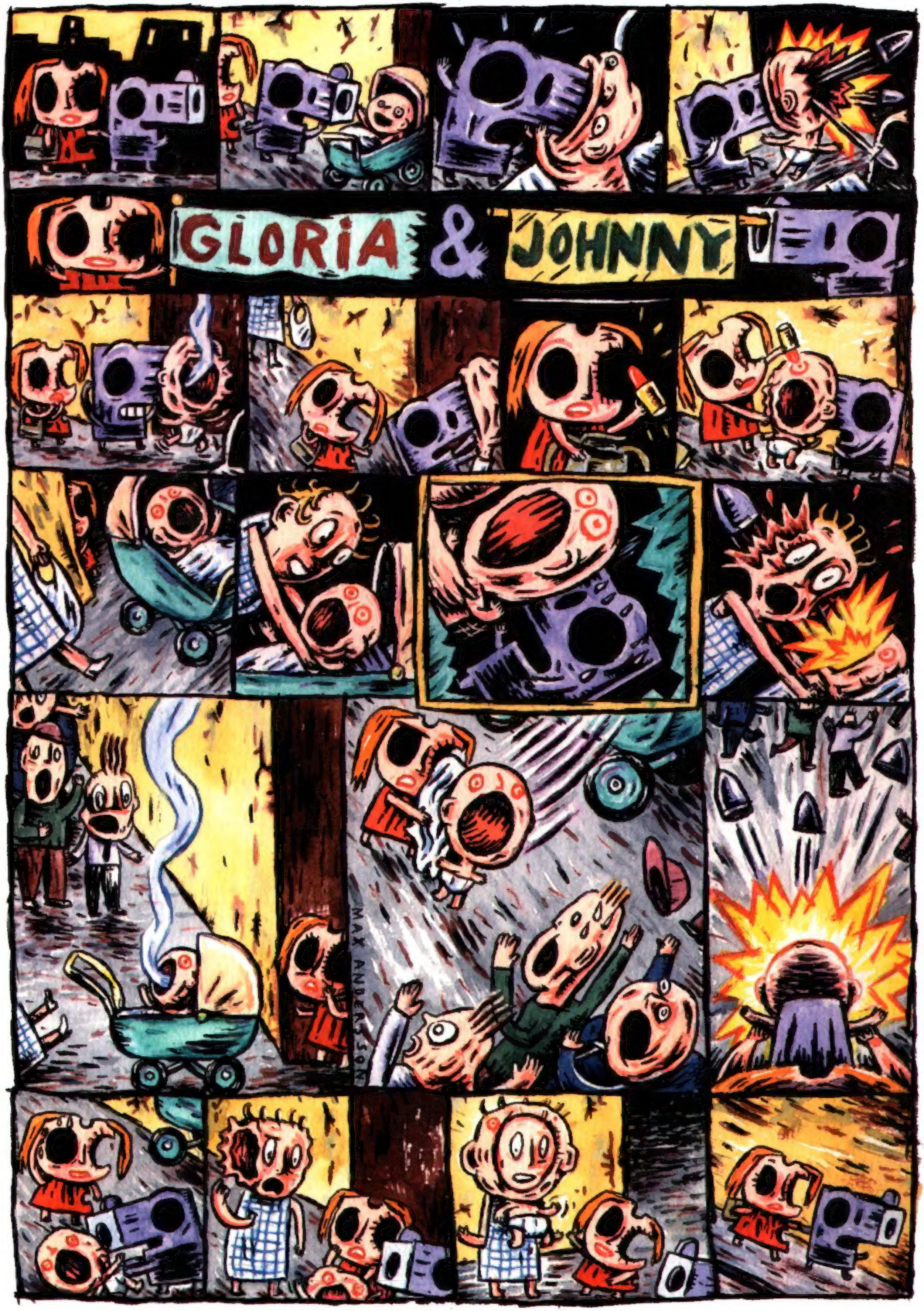
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